



# THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1888.

The duchess of Marlborough has already distributed several large sums to London hospitals.

KING MILAN of Servia threatens to publish his wife's letters to him during their courtship.

THE DUKE of Wellington is Prince of Waterloo in Belgium, and a grandee of the first class in Spain.

THE late King Ludwig's executors have almost cleared off the king's debts. There is a good prospect of re-building the Bavarian royal fortune.

ADMIRAL PORTER in his 77th year, preserves his health by eating simple food, rarely drinking tea or coffee, smoking in moderation and keeping physically busy.

THE PRINCE of Wales owes at present over \$500,000 and is thinking seriously of applying to parliament for an allowance for Prince Albert Victor, who now keeps up a household of his own.

THE right name of Emin Pasha (or Emin Bay, as he is more generally known) is given as Schnitzler. He is a native of Austrian Silesia. It is asserted, and he entered the Turkish army as a surgeon.

DEACON SAMUAL BURHAM and his wife celebrated their golden wedding the other evening at their farmhouse in Dumbarton, N. H., and the occasion was made one of general observance by their townpeople.

THE OLD FRENCH Governor Endicott planted a pear tree which is still standing, very much alive, in the village of Danvers, though the governor himself be dust. It is the oldest cultivated fruit-bearing tree in New England, of the variety bon creton and was brought from old England.

"OLD HUTCH," the noted Chicago speculator, who is making the bear speculators in wheat feel exceedingly weary, is a tall, angular man of little education, but great experience with the world. He has a wonderful memory, and relies solely upon it to keep track of his enormous transactions.

M. CHEYREY, the French savant who has just reached his 103rd year begins to feel a little, shaky though still able to walk up and down stairs. To a lady who recently complimented him upon his juvenility he replied: "You are too good madame; but I feel that I am going down hill. What would I not give to be 80 again?"

THE WIDOW of President Polk is in her eighty-seventh year. She is feeble and rather forgetful, but she maintains her cheerfulness and her interest in the world about her. Of late she has been taking her meals in her own room, and leaves it once a day to take a airing on the porch. Here she sits and receives her visitors.

ISAAC M. GREGORY, the editor of *Judge*, is also the editor of the *Graphic*. One is a staunch republican journal and both papers are illustrated. Mr. Gregory was one of the first newspaper paragraphists humorists in the country and during his thirty years of hard work the quality of his writing has not deteriorated. His work shows no sign of age.

GEN. WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN, Commissioner-General of the United States to the Paris Exposition of 1889, is visiting the Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati. He is paying special attention to the government exhibit there. The *Commercial Gazette* of that city publishes what purports to be a picture of him that looks as much like him as President Cleveland does like Candidate Harrison.

HARLOW CURTISS, of Harwinton, Conn., is in his eighty-ninth year. He has carried on his farm himself this season, raising forty bushels of potatoes and cutting five acres of grass by hand. He recently shot a running fox at off-hand aim. In Bristol Conn., the other day, he entered a rifle range and scored 91 points out of 100. He made three consecutive bull's-eyes. He can read a newspaper without glasses and is altogether one of the youngest men in the country for his years.

MR. GLADSTONE has received the large book of autographs set down by Americans under a strong endorsement of his work in the cause of home rule. He writes thus to Dr. Van Bokkelen and J. J. McBride of Buffalo, who prepared and forwarded the book: "This new proof of American sentiment was in no way required for my personal satisfaction, but it may serve to convince the incredulous, if such there be, that your great country has an immovable conviction of the justice of the Irish cause."

THE front name of Verestchagin, the great Russian battle painter, as translated, is Basil, in Russian Vasil, but no translation has been found for his family name, and nobody seems equal to the task of making one. The personality and aims of this artist are remarkable. After serving with distinguished honor as a soldier of the Czar in two great campaigns he became convinced that war was barbaric, cruel and criminal, and he set out to take away its heroic and romantic features. In his paintings, which have made a marked sensation whenever they were exhibited in Europe, he has reproduced the terrors and atrocities of the battlefield in their most realistic and shocking form. When the paintings come to be exhibited here in November it is expected that they will attract a very great deal of attention.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

### EAST.

At James Spady's farm, some distance from Reading, Pa., a boiler of a thrashing machine exploded Friday, killing five youths, aged from 14 to 19, and wounding many other persons, some of whom are not expected to recover.

W. Barnet Leyan reported to the Common Pleas Court at Philadelphia Friday that the contrivance shown him by Mr. Keely, of "motor" fame, was a stationary structure, dependent upon the manipulation of an operator, and could by no possibility be made self-operating.

Steve Curtis, an oil-well pump at Lima, Ohio, looked for a leak in a natural gas main Friday with a lighted match, and was fatally burned by the explosion which resulted.

George H. Vanderbilt has purchased 1,000 acres of mountain lands near Asheville, N. C., where he will build a large industrial institute for the education of poor white children, who will be taught how to work in wood and metals, and thus become skilled mechanics. The institute will be liberally endowed, as Mr. Vanderbilt intends to make it a monument to his family.

James M. Eddy, of Providence, R. I., dug up 1,500 silver coins in his back yard, at Horseneck, Wednesday. They were planted there by an ancestor of his, who salved with Captain Kidd, buried his treasure on his farm and left a chart locating it. Mr. Eddy will keep on digging.

The butter color used by nearly all farmers and creameries in increasing the yellow tint of their product is annatto boiled in cotton seed oil, and although the amount of oil in the mixture is extremely small, it comes within the letter of the statute defining oleomargarine, according to a decision of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Captain Kennedy, of the British bark *Creedmore*, reported at New York Thursday that Sept. 9 he aided the British Ardenape, which had been in collision with and sunk the British ship Earl Wemyss, sixteen passengers of the latter, including the captain's wife and three children, perishing. The *Creedmore* landed the wrecked crew at Barbados, and Captain Kennedy later heard that the Ardenape reached Fernando in a badly damaged condition.

At Lexington, Mo., Wednesday, a lady descended into a twenty-foot cistern and rescued a child who had fallen into the pit. A number of men, who had refused to attempt to aid the little one, watched the heroic exploit.

Belle Richardson, who mysteriously left her home at Danville, Ill., had nothing terrible happen her. She went to Chicago, entered the service of Mrs. Clancy at No. 102 Laflin street, as domestic, and when her father was notified and went after her, she flatly refused to return to Danville, even on a visit.

Robbers held up a Mexican Central express train sixty miles east of El Paso, Texas, Tuesday night, forcing the engineer and fireman to leave the engine and uncouple the passenger cars, and then ran on six miles farther before stopping to rifle the express car. They secured about \$2,000 only, as the express messenger, Villegas, jumped from the side door as the robbers were entering the end door, and escaped with the keys to the safe.

Off Milwaukee, early Tuesday morning, the tug A. W. Lawrence was blown to pieces by an explosion. Captain John Sullivan, Engineer John Sullivan (his cousin), Fireman Edward Sullivan, and Lineman Thomas Haudley were instantly killed, and Frank McGowan and Thomas Dooley were severely injured.

During the progress of business in the Criminal Court room in Kansas City, Tuesday morning, on the Herford Railway, the trouble has broken out "afresh, and it is far graver than at the time of the first outbreak. The striking Italians are in possession of the company's camp and stores, and as the troops have been again called out of a fight and bloodshed is looked for at every moment.

The trial of Edward F. Schneider, of Albany, for larceny in progress in the Circuit Court, Schneider is a jeweler, and accommodated Kearns and Lewis, grain buyers, by letting them keep their money in his safe. One night last June the safe was unlocked and \$1,120 in gold, belonging to Kearns and Lewis, was missing.

The trial of William H. Mosely, of Cherokee City, Okla., was adjourned to Oct. 1.

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## AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

The violins are wailing—  
A mystical, dreamy waltz;  
Her silken trailing;  
And my heart, in its list'ning, halts.  
She comes through the shining roses,  
Through the tender, dewy air;  
And the softened light discloses  
The sheen of her yellow hairs.  
She draws through the darkness nearer  
To the well-known trysting place;  
In my heart I hold nothing dearer  
Than that moonlit maiden face.  
The sound of far-off laughter,  
From the dancers in the hall,  
Comes floating faintly after—  
Why do you leave them all?  
Just for the sake of a meeting  
Here by the fountain rim,  
Just for a lover's greeting  
Here in the moonlight dim.  
"Love, we shall soon be parted!"  
The air seems one long, soft sigh;  
"Love I grow weary-hearted  
With the weight of the dreary 'good-by.'"  
The violins cease wailing—  
Their music wails again;  
The yellow moon is falling;  
A kiss and "Auf wiedersehen!"  
Oh when my last day comes—  
Come then, you again,  
Through life's darkness and roses,  
And whisper, "Auf wiedersehen!"  
Know then I walt the keeping  
Of our trust, where no parting pain  
Marries, and hush thy weeping,  
True heart—Auf wiedersehen.  
—Boston Transcript.

## How We Adopted Johnny.

E. E. FLAGG.

Everybody said it was absurd, or nearly everybody. There were some exceptions just enough to prove the rule that if you try to do good in an uncommon way you may count on having the majority of your friends and acquaintances against you. If we girls had gone without sugar in our tea, and fixed over our old hats every season, and turned our old dresses till they reached the last verge of shabbiness, then we might save money to help support an orphan asylum, no one would have made the slightest objections. Everybody would have thought it all right and proper; but to adopt a baby! take it right into our home and hearts, who ever heard of such a thing? And then Johnny's father was an awful drunken brute. Very likely he had the hereditary taste for liquor, and would turn out bad. But Rose sentimentally remarked that "nobody ever heard of such a thing before it was high time they had," while Mag wanted to know "if it was poor Johnny's fault that he had a drunken father?" adding with a toss of her shapely head, "What is the use of our being minister's daughters if we can't be like we like?"

But though we thus threw down our gage of defiance to Mrs. Grundy, it was not without some misgivings that we intruded into our father's study with this startling plan. Our father, who was writing a home missionary sermon, paused in the midst of his statistical researches and looked mildly amazed, while Rue, being the eldest and already engaged to teach the district school, took upon herself the part of laying it before him.

"I fear you do not realize the greatness of the undertaking, my daughters. I would not wish to discourage you in any good work, but it is a great responsibility to take a child to bring up, especially a boy, and one who has—"

Our father paused, but we knew what was in his mind. Oh, that awful law of heredity! yet God is good and even Nature is not all inexorable. Fatal streaks. There is forgiveness, with her, that she may be freed.

"But, father," finally answered Rue, "you said yourself how you hated to have Johnny sent to the almshouse; that such children needed especially the moral education and the religious restraints of a Christian home."

"And we have planned it all among ourselves," interrupted Mag. "We shall make our old dresses last ever so long, and not lay out an extra cent that we can help."

"Well, my daughters, I will think about it."

And our father returned to his list of figures, thinking, no doubt, in his secret heart that our wish to adopt little Johnny was a mere vagary of the moment.

"It is a great undertaking, I know," remarked thoughtful Rue, as we shut the study door behind us. "We ought to count the cost first."

"As if we hadn't counted it a hundred times already," exclaimed impulsive Mag. "Say, girls, I am going off straight this minute to get him. I'll tell the matron we want to borrow him for the day."

And away she ran, soon appearing with little Johnny, for the almshouse was not far off. We looked askance for a moment, first at each other and then at him. Johnny put his finger in his mouth and returned the compliment. As Mag had captured him while engaged in testing the plastic properties of Mother Earth on the brink of the most convenient mud-puddle, he looked a good deal like a very young pilgrim who had set out for the Celestial City, but fallen into the Slough of Despond by the way.

"I should think those things in the bureau drawers upstair might just fit Johnny," suggested Rue faintly.

"Oh," exclaimed Mag, but not another word did she say; and we all went upstairs, Rue leading Johnny, large eyed and wondering. There they were in the bureau drawer, just as when our dear, dead mother folded them up and laid them away, dropping bitter tears, while we, in awe-struck silence, followed her on tip-toe and looked in. There they were in their fair, unwarinkled smoothness, with that faint, sweet, shut-in order, which is like no other that I know of. For ten long years that little brother, just Johnny's age, had been living with the angles. He did not need the pretty embroidered frock, nor the tiny shoes just worn a little at the tip, nor that gay string of coral beads, yet it gave us a pang to disturb them.

When we had washed and dressed him, and combed out the light yellow hair, over which Mag spent a great deal of unnecessary time trying to make it curl, we led him triumphantly into our father's study. Little children are so much alike the world over! No wonder our dear father started, and for the moment forgot his missionary sermon, as the small apparition, so startling like and yet unlike, his lost baby boy met his eyes. But he took Johnny on his knee and kissed him, and we knew his consent was gained. Then we told him stories, and showed him pictures, and played games till we were tired, and Mag took him out in the garden, while Rue and I drew one long breath and looked around on our disordered sitting-room. "A child always makes work; we must expect that," said Rue, as she picked up the blocks and the torn papers, and put the chairs straight that had been tied together to represent a train of cars. Ten

minutes passed in quiet. Then we heard a scream from Mag, and a frightened outcry from Johnny. The water-butt had been left carelessly half-covered and Johnny had fallen in.

We fished him out more frightened than hurt, but misgivings began to steal over us. Hitherto we had looked on Johnny in the light of a budding cherub, but before the day was over we felt more as if we had a young baboon on our hands, for he kept us in a continual state of anxiety. He fell from high places, and he fell from low places; he crawled into the pig pen; he scared the brooding hen from her nest. He developed an enormous sweet tooth; he stuck up his face and hair and our own dresses with huge slices of bread and molasses; he introduced his little, round, fat fingers into the jars of blackberry jam that had been placed in the sun to harden; and this last offense upsetting Rue's equanimity so far that she administered a mild shaking, he assumed the offended role known so well to baby tyrants, and cried and screamed, and called us "naughty old hateful things," and said he did not want to stay with us any longer, besides a good many other expressions of similar tenor, which probably Johnny did not mean, any more than some grown folks mean all they say when they get into a true attitude.

Dr. Hunter said I had the right idea of the game, he thought, and he would get Mr. Conklin, of the Grand Opera-House, to do the active part of the umpiring, leaving me mostly to sit under the shade of a large sun umbrella, outside the orbit of hot balls and engaged in thought. He said that a great many people had noticed in me the faculty of being able to assume a thoughtful air while really engaged in something else. He said people liked that in anybody, and especially in an umpire.

At 2:30 the rival clubs arrived in separate ambulances and chose up for "ins." The Allopaths got the bat.

Each club had a separate pail out of which they drank when in need of anything in that line. The Homeopaths took theirs at a third dilution every twenty minutes out of a "graduate," and the Allopaths drank out of a large tin dopper until relieved.

I presume the different players would not care to have me use their names here and so I will substitute fictitious names.

The Allopaths wore a uniform consisting of different kinds of clothes, but very becoming indeed. A few baseball uniforms scattered through the two clubs gave life and piquancy to the game and make it more difficult for the umpire to tell which side was in.

Dr. Gray wore drab small clothes, a light high hat with wide black band, and long, ashes-of-roses mohair duster, held in place by means of a string.

Dr. Windymeyer wore a blue flannel sailor's suit, with inflamed revers of same.

Dr. Pendergast wore a low-neck and short-sleeve knit lingerie, with checkered pantaloons and a wad of tulie at the throat. He wore a tarpaulin hat with no ornaments.

Dr. Bleeker wore a pair of all-wool trousers, with wedge of shrimp pink satin set in the back between his suspender buttons; white, open-back shirt, pin-stripe suspenders, and Alpine hat.

Dr. Early wore a street costume, with fireman's hat and variaiod necktie.

Dr. Panghorn wore a Prince Albert coat, knickerbockers and fore-and-aft steamer hat of small blue and white plaid, with squirrel-skin ear-tabs tied roughly over the top. He wore no ornaments at the beginning of the game, but at the third inning appeared in a stalated, comminated confusion just east of the parotid gland.

Dr. Pemberthy wore a tennis suit with silk hat and crocheted slippers. He made a very fine appearance on the beautiful green ball ground, but generally perished before he reached second. In batting Dr. Pemberthy almost always struck at the ball after the catcher had it in his pocket, and he always erred in diagnosing the general direction of the ball, and his treatment of it was visionary and theoretical in the extreme. I had to reprimand him three times for these things publicly.

Dr. McLean was dressed in a loose-fitting suit of pajama, with high-top rubber wading boots, which Dr. Hunter filled partially full of rain water by means of a stomach pump which he found in the ambulance. This water, rising and falling with a wild rushing noise while Dr. McLean was making his bases, reminded me of the gentle squeak made by the third stomach of a grass-fed horse as he goes joyously into it unto me!"

Sue's voice had dropped low with the solemnity of her closing. The tears were standing in Mag's eyes, our bright, impulsive Mag, and I know my own were wet. There came a patter of little feet behind us, and some very sticky fingers grasped my dress.

What 'oo kyn' for? Johnny good now, Johnny won't be naughty any more."

We caught the little fellow up and smothered him with kisses, as all the naughtiness forgotten; for now that common sense had come to the front and we began to realize how foolish we had been in treating Johnny like a mere toy, things began to smooth out wonderfully. And the whole story, how we learned to bear with his childish follies, something as real mothers do, and as God himself bears us in the infinite of His divine tenderness; of our failure and successes, and the little sacrifices we had to make, and how we were taught lessons of patience for all out after life (Mag, by the way, is married now and is blessed with one or two young hopefuls of her own who do not even in her own partial eyes behave much better than Johnny do), behind, are they not written, not in any earthly chronicles, but in our own lives and characters, made better and purer and more womanly thereby? Perhaps Johnny's guardian angel keeps the record somewhere. I don't know. But we are very proud of Johnny now. And when at our last town meeting he got up and spoke against licensing the sale of liquor in Braggsville; and just a modest, manly, right up and down speech, and said that whatever others did, his vote should always be cast for the rights of the sex that were not allowed to vote against the enemy of their homes; that he was for home protection to-day and always, and he could not understand how a man brought up to reverence womanhood could be anything else,—why, we were prouder still.

And we consider ourselves for all Mag's jest about the third of a loaf, not badly represented when we heard Squire Slocum say that young fellow speech was what turned the tide for prohibition, and saved our little township from another year of ruin-rule.

"He's turning out re'el smart," explained Squire Slocum to the Judge, who was a new-comer. "His father, old Dan Baker, drank himself to death, and they had to send him to the poor-house; but our minister's darters, they took a shine to him and brought him up, and educated him. Folk talked about it and thought it was a awful queer thing for three girls to think o' doin', adoptin' a child and a boy, too; but I'm, a thinkin' they might have done wuss."

We looked at each other and smiled. "Ah, Rue; I said, "we might have done worse. Thank God we didn't give up on that first awful day; that we had enough o' the Christ love in our hearts to make us keep on, so that even if we can't vote to put down rum, because we are women, it can be said of each of us, She hath done what she could."

And Rue and Mag softly said, "Amen."—*Union Signal*.

## BILL NYE TRIES TO UMPIRE.

He Keeps Score on Two Shingles at a Western Game.

A short time ago I was called upon by a committee of physicians and surgeons of Minneapolis, led by Dr. Hunter, of that city, with a request that I would umpire a game of baseball to be played on the ensuing day between the Allopaths and Homeopaths of Minneapolis for the championship of the northwest, the proceeds to go to the Homeopathic Hospital.

I told Dr. Hunter that an All-wise Providence had not seen fit to endow me with a great deal of baseball wisdom, but that I was passionately fond of the game, recognizing, as I did, that it denoted a wonderful degree of progress and a gradual leading up from bean-bag and two-old-eat towards the earnestness, the throb and thrill and such things as that of the true athlete.

Dr. Hunter said I had the right idea of the game, he thought, and he would get Mr. Conklin, of the Grand Opera-House, to do the active part of the umpiring, leaving me mostly to sit under the shade of a large sun umbrella, outside the orbit of hot balls and engaged in thought. He said that a great many people had noticed in me the faculty of being able to assume a thoughtful air while really engaged in something else. He said people liked that in anybody, and especially in an umpire.

At 2:30 the rival clubs arrived in separate ambulances and chose up for "ins." The Allopaths got the bat.

Each club had a separate pail out of which they drank when in need of anything in that line. The Homeopaths took theirs at a third dilution every twenty minutes out of a "graduate," and the Allopaths drank out of a large tin dopper until relieved.

I presume the different players would not care to have me use their names here and so I will substitute fictitious names.

The Allopaths wore a uniform consisting of different kinds of clothes, but very becoming indeed. A few baseball uniforms scattered through the two clubs gave life and piquancy to the game and make it more difficult for the umpire to tell which side was in.

Dr. Gray wore drab small clothes, a light high hat with wide black band, and long, ashes-of-roses mohair duster, held in place by means of a string.

Dr. Windymeyer wore a blue flannel sailor's suit, with inflamed revers of same.

Dr. Pendergast wore a low-neck and short-sleeve knit lingerie, with checkered pantaloons and a wad of tulie at the throat. He wore a tarpaulin hat with no ornaments.

Dr. Bleeker wore a pair of all-wool trousers, with wedge of shrimp pink satin set in the back between his suspender buttons; white, open-back shirt, pin-stripe suspenders, and Alpine hat.

Dr. Early wore a street costume, with fireman's hat and variaiod necktie.

Dr. Panghorn wore a Prince Albert coat, knickerbockers and fore-and-aft steamer hat of small blue and white plaid, with squirrel-skin ear-tabs tied roughly over the top. He wore no ornaments at the beginning of the game, but at the third inning appeared in a stalated, comminated confusion just east of the parotid gland.

Dr. Pemberthy wore a tennis suit with silk hat and crocheted slippers. He made a very fine appearance on the beautiful green ball ground, but generally perished before he reached second. In batting Dr. Pemberthy almost always struck at the ball after the catcher had it in his pocket, and he always erred in diagnosing the general direction of the ball, and his treatment of it was visionary and theoretical in the extreme. I had to reprimand him three times for these things publicly.

Dr. McLean was dressed in a loose-fitting suit of pajama, with high-top rubber wading boots, which Dr. Hunter filled partially full of rain water by means of a stomach pump which he found in the ambulance. This water, rising and falling with a wild rushing noise while Dr. McLean was making his bases, reminded me of the gentle squeak made by the third stomach of a grass-fed horse as he goes joyously into it unto me!"

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And Rue and Mag softly said, "Amen."—*Union Signal*.

## THE CAMP FIRE.

An Interesting Reminiscence of War Times Told by Dan Reidy.

### Lincoln's Old Guard.

"Yes, those were stormy times. That March 4, 1861, is as fresh in my memory to-day as it was when I stood within three feet of grand old Abraham Lincoln while he delivered his inaugural address from the capitol steps. Conspiracy and rumors of conspiracy to assassinate the new executive weighed down the atmosphere of Washington. Every breath blew treason.

The speaker was Daniel Reidy, a shoemaker, residing and still working on his bench at 528 West Huron street.

"I was a member of the national guard of the District of Columbia then. Maj. Tate, a veteran of the Mexican war, was our commander. It was a volunteer company, but thoroughly disciplined. There was a call issued on the evening before the inauguration for the army to daybreak promptly on the following morning. Few of us had our breakfasts. We did not positively know the occasion for the command, but surmised not a little. We were ordered to march to the front of the capitol building, after being furnished with fifteen rounds of ball cartridge. When Lincoln came upon the stand we were ordered to report at the armory at daybreak promptly on the following morning. Few of us had our breakfasts. We did not positively know the occasion for the command, but surmised not a little. We were ordered to march to the front of the capitol building, after being furnished with fifteen rounds of ball cartridge. When Lincoln came upon the stand we were ordered to report at the armory at daybreak promptly on the following morning. Few of us had our breakfasts. We did not positively know the occasion for the command, but surmised not a little. We were ordered to march to the front of the capitol building, after being furnished with fifteen rounds of ball cartridge. When Lincoln came upon the stand we were ordered to report at the armory at daybreak promptly on the following morning. Few of us had our breakfasts. We did not positively know the occasion for the command, but surmised not a little. We were ordered to march to the front of the capitol building, after being furnished with fifteen rounds of ball cartridge. When Lincoln came upon the stand we were ordered to report at the armory at daybreak promptly on the following morning. Few of us had our breakfasts. We did not positively know the occasion for the command, but surmised not a little. We were ordered to march to the front of the capitol building, after being furnished with fifteen rounds of ball cartridge. When Lincoln came upon the stand we were ordered to report at the armory at daybreak promptly on the following morning. Few of us had our breakfasts. We did not positively know the occasion for the command, but surmised not a little. We were ordered to march to the front of the capitol building, after being furnished with fifteen rounds of ball cartridge. When Lincoln came upon the stand we were ordered to report at the armory at daybreak promptly on the following morning. Few of us had our breakfasts. We did not positively know the occasion for the command, but surmised not a little. We were ordered to march to the front of the capitol building, after being furnished with fifteen

# The Upsilonian.

THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1888.

THE EDITOR'S BLUE MONDAY.

No preacher ever experienced a more depressing reaction from the nervous strain of his Sabbath labor—that period of utter “let-down” which has gone into our traditions as “blue Monday”—than is realized by the newspaper editor who is publisher and manager at the same time, when he has put his paper to press and feels that he has completed another week’s work; and that let-downs are in exact proportion to his sense of responsibility and of the importance of his work. The nervous strain steadily increases and the anxiety and sense of responsibility intensify all through the week, and culminate with the final work of putting the paper to press—always in haste, always with lack of time and opportunity to do some things that should be done, always with an impression of important things forgotten or neglected, always with a haunting fear of errors overlooked, or of unguarded expression that must give unintended offense. He must choose at the last moment between two things that are important, only one of which is possible, and if he at all realize the importance of his work and his responsibility he will always feel that, however excellently that work may have been done, it is far below what it should have been. Then, when it is finally completed in some shape, and the paper is put to press and no more can then be done, the nervous reaction is intense, if he have any nerves, and work that involves thought is impossible. This state of things recurs every week, with the editor and manager of the weekly paper. On daily papers, the work is more divided and classified in departments, and the responsibility shared by many.

At the close of an important political campaign, there comes a whole week which bears to the editor’s weekly “blue Monday” something such as a relation as the Jewish jubilee year bore to the ordinary Sabbath. He has conducted what he conceived to be his portion of the work, in such manner as his sense of duty as a citizen entrusted with exceptional responsibility prompted. If he be at all fitted for his place, he has done that with conscientious fidelity, and with earnest regard to the general result, and has thought little of how it should affect him personally; and the anxious, nervous strain has steadily increased through a period of months instead of one week, and culminates when he gets out the last issue before the election. Then, instead of a day or two of relaxation, he needs a week or two; but he cannot have it. His paper must be out on time next week, and he must go to work upon it; but how shall he do it. He is unfit to do any work, and there seems nothing that he can do, and yet the paper must come out. The topics that have so long occupied his attention and the attention of the public, will have suddenly dropped out of sight, before publication day. If the public have become utterly sick of party politics, much more has he; but what else is there. He cannot evolve new lines of thought, in a moment, and the daily papers all go on through the week, banging away on the same line, and give him no topics or thoughts upon any other.

The election news will be important enough, but he cannot fill his paper with that, and what else in the world can he find to talk about? What can he say that shall have interest and value for his readers in that paper? It is three months of blue Mondays all crowded together, and yet with no relaxation of the demand upon him.

These reflections may suggest to the indulgent reader some excuse, if his paper shall this week seem to fall short of reasonable expectation.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

How important in its results, yet how soon lost to general recognition, a life of exceptional energy and devotion may be, is exemplified in the history of Cardinal Newman. Fifty years ago, the Oxford professor who had just left the Anglican for the Roman communion, was the most conspicuous man in England. His character, ability and unquestioned piety made his change of allegiance doubly painful to those whom he left, and caused him to be received with unstinted welcome by those to whom he transferred his allegiance. Now, an aged man, he draws near the inevitable doom; and the papers announce his condition as an ordinary item of news, in which a few cultured or religious people only will feel even passing interest. Cardinal Newman served his generation as other leaders have done before him, but that generation is passing away. To those who are crowding upon the present stage he is known as a writer rather than as an ecclesiastic. Many who condemned the churchman loved and appreciated the man. There are few hearts which have not been cheered and strengthened by that sweetest of hymns which will survive after all else that bears his name is forgotten:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;  
Lead thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
Lead thou me on!  
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to shoo and see my path; but now,  
Lead thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears  
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on

Over moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

An exchange, speaking of Ingersoll, says that “even the most skeptical have got tired of his merely destructive criticism of the Bible and Christianity. It is all very well, they say, to destroy men’s creeds but we want something in their place, and Ingersoll can’t supply the demand.” This is very true. Ingersoll’s lectures were entertaining, to such as were not shocked by them, but they left in the mind nothing of value, and even the most thoughtless come in time to realize that, and to feel that he

who takes away a thought or a feeling, a theory or belief or principle, is himself deficient in all of those if he offer not in return another of equal or greater value.

## NEEDED LEGISLATION.

Now that election is over, and the legislature will soon meet, it is to be hoped that there may be a full discussion of our election laws. The time is come when all parties should demand such a modification of these laws, as will give greater security to the ballot. As it is at present, in many of the precincts, the board of inspectors are all of the same political faith, and while we believe here in the north they are mainly honest there is nevertheless by this arrangement, undue temptation offered to falsify the returns. The law should provide in some way to secure representation for all interests on the board, and so remove the temptation to dishonesty.

Again, the tickets should be furnished by the state and places provided where voters can retire and arrange their ballots in private. The ballot lies at the foundation of our institutions, and no patriot will object to a stringent law to secure its sacredness. The frauds perpetrated in some sections of the country should be brought under the most searching scrutiny, and some means devised to end this outrage on the people’s rights. The thief of the ballot should be punished. Let all parties, then, demand of our legislators a radical reform in these matters, and insist that they protect us against the lawlessness and crime from which we have suffered long and grievously.

The government of the United States was founded in the intelligence and virtue of the people and only so long as these two factors are potent in our elections, will the country be safe. In the past few years there has been much in the movements and spirit of parties to shake the confidence of thoughtful people in the perpetuity of our institutions and the time has come when the alarm should be sounded and most stringent laws enacted and enforced to eliminate from the body politic those elements which are liable to disturb our peace and endanger our country. Our schools should become more potent agencies in laying deep and secure the true sentiment of patriotism, in the minds of the people. American history should be imbued with more of the spirit of the fathers who held next to their God, the institutions of their country, sacred. The purity of the ballot and the conscientious exercise of the right of suffrage, should be inculcated and their necessity enforced by wholesome laws. Now, just after so important an election, is the time to strike out new in the direction of genuine reform. How to preserve and strengthen the feeling and love of country, and to eradicate the evils in it, should more than ever engage the earnest and prayerful attention of all thoughtful minds. To kindle anew on the altars of our hearts, the spirit and reverence for righteous government, and to awaken in our homes the enthusiasm for what is right and true, should be the aim of every true American.

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MUSIC AS SHE IS EXECUTED.  
From Good Housekeeping.

Attending services not long ago in an elegant church edifice where they worship God with taste in a highly aesthetic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem that compares Solomon with the lilies of the field, somewhat to the former’s disadvantage. Although never possessing a great admiration for Solomon, nor considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men’s Christian Association, still a pang of pity for him was felt when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field, which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely, began to tell the congregation through the mouth of the soprano that “Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed.” Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed.

Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor without a moment’s hesitation sang as if it had been officially announced that “he was not arrayed.” Then when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion even in that climate, the choir altogether in a most cool and composed manner informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed “like one of these.” These what? So long a time had elapsed since they sang of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by “these” one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or cutaway coat? Solomon with an eyeglass and mustache, his hair cut pompadour? No, most decidedly. Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable though rather startling announcement, “I will wash.” Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash. And the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep-voiced basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve

that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping of steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to “wash their hands in innocence, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed.”

DIDN'T SIGN.  
Arkansas Traveler.  
[Arkansas printing office. A delegation from “away back” files in.]

LEADER (to business manager of office).—“Lowed, a passul uv us did, that we’d come up an’ sign for yo’ paper.”

BUSINESS MANAGER (smiling warmly).—“Glad to see you, gentlemen. Won’t you have seats?”

LEADER.—“No; ain’t got time to set. What yer hold yo’ paper at now?”

B. M.—“Two dollars a year.”

LEADER.—“That much? Didn’t low it was mon’er dollar. Ken git ther Fireside Smile fur six bits.”

B. M.—“Ah, well, you see it is only a cheap concern, a sort of advertising dodge. What you want is home news.”

LEADER.—“Yas, that’s a fact. Wall Lige Baily (addressing one of the delegation), plunk down.”

LIGE.—“Don’t b’lieve I wanter sign fur it ter-day.”

LEADER.—“W’y, yer wanted me ter come up here with yer. Whut yer, come up fur?”

LIGE.—“Wanted ter sorter look er round.”

LEADER.—“Jim Boyle, yer wanter sign, don’t yer?”

JIM.—“No, don’t b’lieve I do ter-day.”

LEADER.—“W’y, ding it all, you said yer wanted ter sign.”

JIM.—“I said I mout sign.”

LEADER.—“Tal Payton, I know you wanter sign.”

TAL.—“I low ter sign aifter while—aifter I git in a little better shape.”

LEADER.—“Why not now?”

TAL.—“Aint fix well ernuff now. Ain’t mon’ got money ernuff ter run me till I git home. I like the paper mighty well. Got some uv ther best things in it I ever seen.”

LEADER.—“Wall, ef none uv ye wanter sign, reckon we’d better go as we’ve got a good deal of knockin’ round ter do.”

B. M. (to leader)—“You wish to subscribe, do you not?”

LEADER.—“No, I jest come up with the boys, here, an’ I don’t b’lieve I wanter sign fur it ter-day.”

LEADER.—“Like the paper mighty well an’ hope ter be able ter sign fut it up soon. Wall, good day.”

[A few moments later. In a saloon.]

LEADER.—“Well, fellers, nominate yo’ pizen.”

LIGE.—“Hol’ on; I’m doin’ this (throwing a ten dollar note on the bar).”

JIM.—“Sweeping the money back to Lige and replacing it with a gold piece)—Not much yer ain’t. I axed yer in here, I reckon.”

TAL (with pretended indignation).—Not by a jugful. Axed yer in myself. Here (to bar-tender) give us some straight goods.

LEADER.—“It makes no difference who pays for it. Wall, here’s hopin’.”

The Court of Last Resort.  
Detroit Journal.

The U. S. supreme court has by unanimous opinions, given the doctrine of state rights a powerful backing. It decides that the state of Iowa, and, of course, any other state, has a right to prohibit the manufacture of liquor within its boundaries even when such liquor is intended for exportation to other states. It decided that a state has a right to tax telegraphs and telephones on all messages, sent within the limits of the state; and that a state has a right to force railroad employees to submit to tests for color blindness as a condition of employment. The supreme court has been the bulwark of state legislation long before a democratic president had a chance to put state rights defenders like Lamar on the bench. It has been discovered that the doctrine may be very useful now that it is no longer used as a barricade for slavery and a pretext for secession.

Palestine Revisted.  
The story of Jesus of Nazareth forms the principal theme in all the Sabbath schools. It is undoubtedly well told by all the teachers, but there are, probably, but very few of them who can form a clear perception of the times and of the surroundings of the story they love to tell so well. And there are thousands upon thousands besides the enthusiastic Sunday school workers anxious to know all about the people and the scenes among which Jesus walked about, teaching and healing and sowing the seed, of which the present day is reaping rich fruit. For them the panorama of Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion, the preparation of which kept a large corps of artists busy for nearly three years, and on both sides of the Atlantic, has been the breaking of a new light upon their favorite theme. For this panorama faithfully depicts not alone Jerusalem with its interesting surroundings, not alone the scene upon Golgotha, and what is authentically reported as having taken place in connection with it, but it also mirrors the people of all the known world of that day, as on the day of crucifixion the roads leading to Jerusalem were filled with pilgrims anxious to reach the confines of the holy city for the great passover feasts. There is in the rotunda on Wabash avenue, Chicago, far more than a panorama—the building contains a perfect treasure of information upon subjects of the highest interest to everybody having but the faintest idea of the relations which Jesus and His times bear to the present day.

The melancholy days have come, but Harper’s Magazine for November brightens them perceptibly. There is no flavor of decay about it, and its leaves are as fresh and clean as in summer-time. The range of subjects is wide, and there is catering to many kinds of literary taste. Two articles, “Invalidism as a Fine Art,” and “The New Orleans Bench and Bar in 1823,” can hardly fail to charm every one who reads them. The illustrations all through are most artistic, and the departments show their usual sweetness, light and common-sense.

Despite the experience of the morning the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable though rather startling announcement, “I will wash.” Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash. And the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep-voiced basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve

A NOVEMBER DAY.  
A sun, a wind, a sky like March,  
So bright, so keen, so clear and blue,  
The broad, untroubled azure arch  
which not a cloud is sailing through:

A smile of earth, a festive way,  
As though she woke from slumbering,  
And entered on a holiday,  
Might tempt one half to dream of Spring.

Except for two whose glow is fled,  
Except for withered leaves and brown,  
The rustle underneath our trees,  
And make a woodland of old.

Tomorrow morn the rain may fall,  
The clouds will gloom, the day be dull,  
But I must still remember all  
That makes this day so beautiful.

This unforseen scene will pass  
When darker hours must do their part;  
This late, still Autumn loveliness,  
This sunshine in November’s heart.

—Emily S. Oskey.

Sympathy in Joy.  
Christian Union.

We often think of the duty and privilege of sympathizing with our friends when affliction overtakes them, but there is a sympathy in their joys which is quite as beautiful, and is even more indicative of a generous nature free from guile and envy. A sour and morose disposition may take a sort of melancholy satisfaction in sympathizing with an unfortunate friend; it is only a generous soul that can heartily rejoice with those that do rejoice, as well as weep with those who weep.

It is very easy for us, when Neighbor Jones loses ten thousand dollars in an unfortunate speculation, to say, “Poor fellow, how he’ll feel that loss! I fear he won’t pull through.” We can even tell him, with a good degree of sincerity, of our sorrow in his trouble; while, at the same time, we hug ourselves most complacently with the thought that we did not put our money into the same kind of mining stock. But when Neighbor Jones’ real estate increases on his hands, and his Western town lots net him a handsome ten thousand, it requires a good deal more grace to congratulate him, especially when we think of our own town-lots that steadily refuse to rise. There is no surer indication of large and generous nature than the ability to rejoice in another’s joy.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

WELL’S & FISK,  
SOUTH SIDE CONGRESS ST.,

Pure Family Groceries,

Butter and Eggs, Fruit and Vegetables in Season.

BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

QUICK SALES AND CLOSE PROFITS OUR MOTTO.

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QUICK SALES AND CLOSE PROFITS OUR MOTTO.

WELL’S & FISK’S  
SOUTH SIDE CONGRESS ST.,

Pure Family Groceries,

## CENTRAL MARKET



ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND SALT

## MEATS!

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

We take great pains to suit the taste of our patrons. Give us a call.

## F. C. BANGHART,

South Side Congress St.,  
YPSILANTI, MICH.

Traveling dame—Oh, I can rest as well when traveling as when at home. Do you like to sleep on the rail? Mr. De Wink (proud father of a first baby)—No, I don't like to, but I have to.

## SULPHUR BITTERS

### THE GREAT German Remedy.

#### TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those deadly diseases \$1,000 will be paid for any new system of cures.

On SULPHUR BITTERS it will cure you. It never fails.

Do you suffer with rheumatism and all sorts of diseases? If so, it will cure you. It never fails.

Operatives who are closely confined in workshops, etc., and who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in houses, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

You do not wish to enter into business with asthma, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

Don't be without SULPHUR BITTERS; you will not regret it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS, and feel better for it.

Do you want the best Medical Works published? Send 3-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & CO., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy, free.

Painters All Say

That's the best Paint in the Market.

Paint your PENINSULAR PURE PAINTS.

Prepared in white, and handsome line of shades, READY MIXED for the brush or in paste form for staining.

They do not crack or smut; 40 colors.

For sale by H. M. Dimick.

4192

DR. YOUNG'S DYEING & DYE HOUSE.

They will dye everything. They are sold every where, Price 10c, a package. They have equal Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crack or smut; 40 colors. For sale by H. M. Dimick.

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# THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1888.

Flattery is the worst of insults; but there are mighty few people in this world who are keen enough to know when anybody is insulting them.—*Somerville Journal*.

Polytic conductor—"Your fare, madam?" Miss Cossey Cobb (from Stamford)—"You'd order see me before I got sun-scorched at Aunt Hanner's clam-bake."—*Time*.

If church bells did not ring no one would remember that it was Sunday. That's why they ring, and it prevents lots of men from starting out with fish-poles.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The man who said that marriage resembles a lottery labored under a misunderstanding. When you patronize a lottery you have some show of coming out ahead.—*Lincoln Journal*.

"You fellows charge a high price for pulling teeth," said a real estate dealer, to a dentist. "O, I don't know about that," was the confident reply, "we only charge \$1 an arch."—*Time*.

Begin your Christmas embroidery now. The "Heaven Bless Our Flag" and the slippers for your husband and the rector should not be rushed through at the last minute.—*New York Sun*.

Harry (who had some money given him to spend at the fair)—"Papa things were so cheap at the fair that 30 cents of my money was wasted." Papa—Wasted? Harry—Yes; I didn't spend it.

Citizen (to Farmer Hayes)—How's things up on the farm, Mr. Hayes? Farmer Hayes—Dinged bad. My wife is down sick an' two of my horses has got heaves. I'm lookin' fer a good hoss doctor.—*Life*.

A man has just died in Connecticut who smoked over 2,000 hennings a day. There is no accounting for tastes. Perhaps the poor man had to choose between hennings and Connecticut cigars.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

Mrs. Hard—Do have some more cream, Miss Sweetooth. Miss Sweetooth (hesitating)—Well, just a little, Mrs. Hard. Only a mouthful. Mrs. Hard—Bridge, fill Miss Sweetooth's plate up again.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

Some excitement was caused at a reception in Philadelphia last week by the discovery that a young man who had no grandfather had crept in through the back door. He was summarily ejected.—*New York Sun*.

Grocer—Well, sonny, what can I do for you? Sonny—Me mudder sent me back wid the butter and wine. She sed she ordered new butter an' old wine, an' she thinks you've got the wintages mixed up.—*New York Sun*.

Mrs. J.—My new piano reminds me of a successful business-man." Mr. J.—"Why? Mrs. J.—O, well, it's always square. And its notes never go to protest. Mr. J.—No; but the neighbors are going to.—*Terre Haute Express*.

Somebody has written a paper on "How to Tell a Woman's Age." It is bad information. How to know a woman's age would be useful knowledge, but the man who undertakes to tell it is simply a brute.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Dude (to citizen of Arizona)—Ah—has your family a family tree? Arizonian—I dunno' as you would call it exactly a family tree, stranger, but two of our folks hev been strung up on there cotton-wood out yender.—*Burlington Free Press*.

Mrs. Bacon—I say, Mr. Chalkem, I understand you are about to raise the price of milk? Chalkem—Yes, ma'am; milk will be nine cents a quart after the first of the month. That's what you call high water mark, I suppose?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Revitalist—My son, when that great day comes, when will we find you, with the sheep or the goats? Small boy—Jigged if I know. Ma, she says I'm her "little lamb," and pa calls me the "kid," so I guess I'll have to give it up.—*Terre Haute Express*.

Mr. Bornlucky—"Ah, congratulate me, Googles, I've won a prize in the Louisiana State lottery." Googles—"By doggy, old man, you don't say so, how much?" Mr. Bornlucky—"Twelve dollars." Googles—"What did it cost you?" Mr. Bornlucky—"Thirty dollars."—*Time*.

He—I must break off my engagement, Violet. She—Why should you do that? He—Well, your father has failed. How can he support a son-in-law in the style in which I have lived? She—Why, you goose, he failed on purpose to meet the extra expense!—*Harper's Bazaar*.

Mr. De Masher (to pretty barmaid)—Ah, miss, would you—aw—give me—aw—one of those—aw—dog biscuits? Pretty barmaid (giving him oatmeal biscuit)—Here's the dog biscuit. Take it on the mat and eat it. (Collapse of De Masher)—*London Fun*.

"What was the occasion of Napoleon's final and greatest repulse?" asked the teacher. And the boy at the foot of the class, who had been traveling with his father all summer, said he supposed it was when he asked the clerk to give him an outside room on the parlor floor.—*Burdette*.

Mrs. Suburb (reading)—The really efficient laborer, says Thoreau, will be found not to unduly cower to his task with work, but will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure. Mr. Suburb—Humph! Thoreau never lived where he had to catch trains.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Brown—I say, Dunley, you haven't forgotten that \$10 bill you borrowed of me long time ago, have you? Dunley (in a hurt tone of voice)—Forgotten it, my dear boy? Do you think I'm so weak-minded as all that? I'd rather a man would impugn my credit any day than my memory.—*Life*.

Paterfamilias—"Will you be in the neighborhood of the gas office this morning?" Son—"Yes, sir." Then I need not go around there. Just drop in, tell them we have returned from the country, would like to have the gas turned on, and get a bill of the amount consumed while it was turned off."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Jinks—Say, Winks, you're a queer duck. Here you have been raving over Clara De Stage, the star of the "Love and Die" company, and yet last night I sat behind you at the play and heard you remark to the lady in the next seat that Clara De Stage was distastefully brazen and the worst dressed woman you ever saw in a theatre. Winks (quietly)—The lady next to me was my wife.—*Philadelphia Record*.

## AT THE TABERNACLE.

The Brooklyn Pastor's Sunday Discourse on "The Divine Mission of Pictures."

What a Poor World this Would Be If We Were Not for the Ennobling Influence of Art.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle Sunday morning to a vast congregation. The pastor expounded a chapter about the room of imagery in Ezekiel.

"Thine earthy Sabbath Lord we love, But there's a noisier rest about us,

was sung. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was "The Divine Mission of Pictures." His text was Isaiah, chapter ii, parts of the 12th and 16th vers: "The way of the Lord of hosts shall be upon all pleasant pictures. We are

Picture and are welcome to the world of the trivial, accidental, sentimental, or worldly; but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of Divine observation and judgment.

The divine mission of pictures is my sub-

ject of what they did with their colors as a painter's bill which came to publication in Scotland in 1707 indicated. The painter had been touching up some old pictures in the church and he sends this itemized bill to the vestry: "To filling up a chink in the Red sea; and repairing the damages to Pharaoh's boat. To the burning of the house of Daniel in the lions' den and a new set of teeth for the lions;" "To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard;" "To giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam;" "To making a bribe for the Good Samaritan's horse and mending one of his legs;" "To making a basket and fitting a bushel of more fuel to the fire in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace." So painters were humiliated clear down below the majesty of their art. The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Charles II, though now of great value, was painted out of a tin can, garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who sold his blacksmith's smelting furnace as a painter before he won wide recognition. The first minstrel to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the loss of which art and religion had lost many a lament. But why go on? The world is a picture, and the world, to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect? Poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated! When I hear a man is a painter I have two feelings—one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body.

But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly bested. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on the coat over his left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat on his head closely pressed over the patch. The world's picture is a picture he had a salary of \$64 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint—they make no strike for higher wages—but they are known as characters of genius these artists suffer more than anyone but God can realize.

It is the field of mission that calls us to be a concerned effort for suffering artists of America. Not sentimental discourse, but what we owe to artists, but that artists that have been so led astray, can not be a concern for the welfare of the universe, the salvation of all worlds before your transported vision. In some way all the thrilling scenes through which I and the church of God have passed in our earthly state will be pictured or brought to us in the form of a drama; for I am in full sympathy with the Gettysburg who was very busy gathering his fall apples and someone asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg, and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop to pray, but you can go down the side of the cellar and get some bread, butter, and eggs, and potatoes. That is all I can do."

Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want practical help from men who can give them work.

You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but I have not heard one of first sermon ever preached that made a plan for the salvation of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius these artists suffer more

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## FOR THE LADIES.

Ancient Egypt—Two Girls—House-keepers' Cares, Etc.

### My Childhood's Home

The long old house where I was born. I long through those old rooms to roan; Where dawned for me life's rosy morn; The long, low house, and porch so wide; With railing guarded round about; And gate well-fasted at the side; To keep us babes from falling out.

Within that porch a stout old swing, Gave pleasure, exercise and health; And there we'd laugh, and romp and sing; Or dream of future fame or wealth.

Alas! we're old; And all have known much toil and pain, But money takes me back today.

To that dear home of ours again.

The gnarled old apple trees, The many hills, the rolling barn; The little brooks which hummed like bees From ruddy plucking did us warn.

The long, low bars, o'er which the kine Looked at us with their great soft eyes;

While close beside the lazy swine Were dozing idly in their styes.

At milking time the old black cow Stood in one corner of the fence; With rail across, lest she'd allow Her foot to send the milk-pail hence. The meek horses, 'cept Puss and Nig; We thought the latter king of all, With glossy coat, and eyes so big. His gaze did youthful hearts appal.

The old white dog who used to draw Our small wagon the yard around; And often, turning quickly, saw Us youngsters tumbled on the ground. Our squirrel, "Bonnie," fat and sleek, Who to the dough pan crept one day. He ate too much, and in a wesk. We laid poor "Bonnie's" form away.

The "Union School House," where we first Had our lessons, and where we sipped our thirst; There and there where we strolled our master, "Master," tank, who loved his ease; Who at the "noon-time" went to sleep. And careful we were, not to wake him; lest we'd hear in voice so deep:

"Silence! 'tis time your books to take." The little boy, with bright, blue eyes, And shining hair of yellow gold, Who went to dwell up in the skies. Our little brother, two years old. The old church, with its graveyard; where We laid his baby form to rest.

It was hard to part from him, so fair; But Jesus took him. He knew best. A happier home ne'er was found.

The yawning fire-place, low and wide, With tall brass "dog-rons" shining bright, And clean sweep'd hearth, our mother's pride. Pil'd high with logs, at ev'ning light. Filled with the crackle of the radio flame. And when we all ha' t'other 'round This dear old hearth of home, I know A happier home ne'er was found.

And yet methinks 'tis just well, I cannot see that home to-day.

For we must all go to dwell;

Perhaps to form the house away.

And I would b' as change as I.

Twould bring me naught but grief and pain,

Yet still, I hope, ere I shall die,

To see the old dear home again.

### Ancient Egypt.

Under the old empire in ancient Egypt both queen and peasant wore, as a rule, the same close-fitting robe, which reached from the shoulders to the ankle; this was either supported by two straps, somewhat like the modern braces, worn by men, or it covered the shoulders and opened on the chest in V form. These dresses were made of linen, sometimes of an unbleached yellow hue, though white was preferred as the coolest and most clear.

When the great conquests of the Egyptians opened out the country to foreign influences and customs, we find a great change in the fashion of dress; then it was that both men and women began to wear the long transparent robes, more decorative, perhaps, than useful; these are found represented most perfectly in the sculptures of Abidos, though some of the casts from the tombs of the Kings at Thebes in the British Museum give a very good idea of their beauty. The outer robe, which covered the head and feet, was descended in a gracefull folds to the feet.

It was sometimes made out of sleeves, part of the dress hanging over the shoulders and tied in front, and long bows; at other times the left arm only was put through a sleeve and the right arm left free; there might be two sleeves either almost close-fitting to the arms or hanging down nearly as far as the knees. These dresses were capable of artistic draping, according to the taste of the individual, but always in the case of the woman followed the beautiful lines of her figure, and were never forced, like some of the men's clothes in the ancient Egypt and some of the modern dresses of our own country, to represent an exaggerated shape which could belong to no human being. The dress simply clothed the figure, the woman, too unconsciously of her beauty to try to hide it, allowed the long sweeping lines to be seen, until the Greeks taught them those beautiful elaborated folds of drapery which won the admiration of the world. The material found in such quantities in the tombs is never "made up" into dresses, partly because such dresses as worn require little making, partly, perhaps, because the living friends and relations thought that the fashions might alter so much in the course of years that the lady who was gone to the Hidden Land would rather have her tressure in such form that she could use it as she liked. This material is always of linen, generally toned by age to a beautiful yellow or tawny brown. Notwithstanding their love for white, we often find the Egyptian's represented their goddesses or their deceased friends in robes remarkable for the wealth of coloring lavished upon them. These dresses are sometimes yellow, with red sashes tied in front, the long ends reaching to the bottom of the robe; sometimes red, covered with yellow stars; others are embroidered in diamond patterns, with pearls and precious stones, designs of lotus or papyrus forming a beautiful border at the top and bottom. This coloring may seem to us crude and harsh, and indeed, it is quite suited for our dull climate, but in atmosphere of Egypt the brilliancy of the sunshine takes out all vivid coloring and blends it into the softness and harmony of a rainbow.

### The Divine Poet.

Whatever he purposed is evil, a pool with which poisons breeds slime; Not any one step hath chance fashioned on the stairway of time; Nor ever came good without labor, in toll, or in science, or art;

It must be wrought out through the muscles, born out of the soul and the heart.

Why plow in the stubble with plowshares, why winnow the chaff from the grain? Ah, since all of his gifts must be toiled for, since truth is not born without pain!

He giveth not to the unworthy; the weak or the foolish in deeds;

Who giveth but chaff at the seed-time shall reap but a harvest of weeds.

As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by His whirrings to naught,

So the song without truth is forgotten; His psalm is un to man's thought.

Whether it is iron, with a sharp edge, so, in humbleness it oven soul pure,

It went to Mass; of St. gers. He descended in a gracefull folds to the feet.

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### Housekeepers' Cares.

Here is what a conscientious head of an exceptionally well kept home says on the always interesting subject of housekeeping:

It seems to me that there is always something to do about a house and that there will continue to be as long as people live in it and eat three meals a day.

People who live in hotels can form no idea of the tax on the housekeeper who has to look after husband and children, servants and supplies. A family of two adults forms no comparison to even a small circle where there are children and grown persons, for on the housekeeper devolves the difficult task of guarding the elders from the annoyances of the little ones, and the children from too much repression of their youthful spirits.

Another thing that men seldom take into account is the constant necessity for repairing and renewing house linen, clothing, etc. It has become a duty to rule the household with grace and dignity every day, and you may be sure that this is not done without somebody's special effort.

Housekeeping is a series of surprises. Things happen that one could not possibly expect. A man comes to collect a bill. You pay it and put away the receipt with a lot of others.

A week or two later another man comes and asks for the amount of the same bill. Perhaps you are taking a nap, but you have to get up and hunt through your papers for that particular receipt and show it to the second man.

He apologizes—says his employee has not handed over the money; he was out of town, or some other explanation is offered. You look up some hot afternoon and see a moth. Other plans have to be laid aside that you may enter upon a war with moths. Of course you might let them live undisturbed, but in that case your woolen garments, carpets and upholstery would be in danger. Your ice unexpectedly gives out; your cream sours. These must be replaced, and they are all unpremeditated calls upon the housekeeper's time and attention.

Then you like to entertain your friends. When you expect them they do not come, and often when you don't expect them they do come. Sometimes they get sick on your hands, and then—well, then your trouble begins.

### CONCERNING THE MARKET.

**Former Wheat Deals That Have Made Millionaires and Paupers.**

It is now six years since a corner in wheat was established and carried through to the close of the month. Every broker on the board of trade has longed for the opportunity to make himself rich after the manner of "Old Hatch."

"Many have laid awake at night trying to think of a scheme to fleece the luckless speculators. Many think that "Old Hatch" had no idea of cornering the market when he first began to buy wheat. He had studied the condition of the present crop, not only in this country, and had come to the conclusion that wheat was going to be worth big money before the crop was ripe. He made no secret of his views and openly advised every one to follow his lead and purchase and hold every bushel of grain that came into the market. He backed his opinion with cash and two weeks ago he was almost in the market. The Chicago elevator companies claimed in public that he had within 100,000 bushels, all the wheat in Chicago and that he would take all that came in.

He advised those who had been buying to hold on to their wheat, and it was not long before they were called upon to deliver on their contracts.

They laughed and shrugged their shoulders and kept on selling short.

They had made no study of the true situation, and that was the reason that they were so successful.

"Old Hatch" kept on with his talk, but nothing could be told from his trades on the floor.

As usual he bought immense amounts of wheat, and at the same time he sold large lots.

No one could tell how his balance stood.

Many thought his balance was safe, but he was scalping.

In this he deceived them completely, though he often affirmed that he was on the long side of the market, and that it would not be long before the fub would begin to fly.

Thursday morning he was complete master of the market, when the fub began to rise.

"Old Hatch" knew that there were millions of bushels sold short, that he had all the wheat, and that he could handle all that could be brought into Chicago before Saturday night.

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"Old Hatch" knew that there were millions

THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1888.

DE TOUT MON COEUR.

The sweetest songs I ever sing  
Are those I sing to you;  
The dearest thoughts that I can bring  
Are thoughts I never knew  
Until your soft eyes questioning  
Had made me question, too.  
My soul lies open to your sight,  
When all the world's away,  
Like that pale flower that at night,  
As ancient legends say,  
Unfolds beneath the moon's clear light  
And dies at dawn of day.  
—Grace H. Duffield in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Men Are Just as Bad.

A woman, speaking of the attacks made upon her sex for their methods of handling their skirts or bustles when sitting down, carrying their parasols, and other habits, says: "I think three-quarters of such talk is nonsense. I am perfectly sure that men have just as many marked habits as women. What can be more absurd, I would like to know, than to see a man, every time he sits down, ring his coat tails with a twirl? Then, again, that everlasting twirling at the legs of his trousers so as to pull them up in folds above the knees, and exposing generally the not always attractive top of a pair of shoes with strings tied in a by no means picturesque knot. To me one of the repulsive habits is the refolding up of a handkerchief before replacing it in the pocket, which is quite common among men. I always wonder if the user is afraid of getting them mussed or only wants the outside fresh and clean. As regards pulling down cuffs so they will show beneath the sleeve, and similar tricks, are they not every day sights?" —The Argonaut.

The Soft Shell and the Hard Shell.  
It is a popular fallacy that soft shell crabs are a different species from hard shell crabs. Practical fishermen and scientific books both disprove it. The soft shell crab is the hard shell crab soon after it has moulted. Four times a year to the young crab and once or twice a year to the grown crab comes a season of peril and fear. He crawls into a dark cranny or nook in the rocks, swells out until he cracks open his shell, and then creeps out. This operation is sometimes extremely painful, for his claws are much larger than the joints through which they must be pulled, and they are often lacerated in the process. If his flesh did not become soft and watery before shedding he could not get out at all.

When the crab has moulted, the once mailed warrior, who feared no foe except a more powerful antagonist of his own kind, is at the mercy of any enemy who can get into his retreat. When the female crab mounts her male escort chivalrously guards her entrance to her hiding place until her skin is covered with a fresh deposit of lime. The experienced eye can tell when the change is approaching. Last year a number of "shedders" established themselves on the Thames, a few miles south of Norwich, near Fort Point. They caught hard shell crabs, imprisoned them in a crate beneath the water, and when the shells had been shed, the "soft shell crabs" were shipped to New York and other points. —Cor. New York Tribune.

Monuments of an Unknown Race.

Unhewn stone monuments are among the most interesting relics of prehistoric man found in France and other portions of Europe, the ancient provinces of Brittany being especially rich in them. The builders, Mr. Thomas Wilson states, are supposed to have come from a more or less remote east during the polished stone age, bringing a knowledge of agriculture, some ideas of government and a religion, with less of art than the inhabitants of the country before them possessed. They buried their dead, and left the magnificent monuments over them which, to the number of more than 6,300 in France and more than 1,600 in Brittany, are now being carefully restored and preserved by the French government. Some of these monuments are made up of many immense stones, while others are really collections of monuments in great numbers. The works are known by various names. A menhir is a large stone standing on end, a dolmen, a table like tomb; a cromlech, a circle of stones, an alignment, line of stones or a tumulus, a mound of earth or stones usually covering a dolmen. Many of the monuments have disappeared, but all these remain dotting the country in every direction, enormous, rough, rude, unhewn granite stones—belonging to another civilization, mighty in its time, but now dead and buried in the ages of the past, with no name and no history. —Arkansas Traveler.

Old Fashioned Political Oratory.  
The political oratory of the United States for the first half of the present century, if we except the speeches of a few well known statesmen, had in it little, if anything, to commend it to the student. The addresses were, as a rule, delivered to outdoor assemblies composed of men whose education had not been such as to render them critical as to either matter or manner. The orator had full license not only in respect to statement of fact, but in every other particular, for the art of stenography had not reached that perfection which enabled the reporter to catch every word of the speaker and fasten it forever on the printed record of the time. To the uneducated hearer a ludicrous but indelicate anecdote, a humorous but coarse expression, a torrent of slander, or a flight of grandiloquent but meaningless rhapsody was frequently more satisfactory than would have been the polished and witty periods of Wendell Phillips, or the argumentative discourses of Daniel Webster.

We occasionally find now, on the stage of political action in the west, a fossil of that old time. He has been delivering the same address for half a century with such slight changes in it from year to year as would reconcile it to the times. His speech has never appeared in print, because it contains nothing worthy of publication. Indeed, in cold type it would be recognized at once as an absurdity, and yet it still finds those who applaud its successive repetitions, and insist that it is the sublimest effort of the human mind. —John Beatty in The Writer.

The Planet Mars.

Astronomers claim that they know Mars has aqueous vapor in its atmosphere, but they do not know which part of its surface forms this by evaporation. Their theories follow their observations rapidly, and very few theories come to be substantiated. From the days when Dr. Dick wrote, and suggested plans of opening communications with the supposed inhabitants of the moon, to the present, the wildest ideas have constantly attended the steady, practical investigation of astronomers. Yet the astronomer plods on with the instrument maker, and each century adds its results to those of what has been learned, attend each discovery the discovery itself remains while most of the theories die.

However, there is some reason for inferring that Mars is composed of land and water. The water seems to be always connected. Even the so called canals connect with the seas, being of the same color, and no canal ends in the center of a continent.

Manual Training in Schools.

The extent to which manual exercises may be introduced into public schools will no doubt be governed by certain peculiar limitations. To begin with, it is not expected that boys generally will be able to handle heavy tools until about 18 years old. Give them, therefore, exercises in which the lighter means may be employed, such as glue, the jackknife, etc. Again, we are limited by the absolute impossibility of generally connecting with common schools work shops and special instructors. Furthermore, courses of study already overcrowded, and the lack of specially prepared teachers, are obstacles which the average country school, at least, cannot overcome. Industrial drawing is largely taught throughout the country. We may urge that exercises connected with it be arranged for an outgrowth of constructed objects. This is not only practicable, but applicable to all a man, every time he sits down, ring his coat tails with a twirl? Then, again, that everlasting twirling at the legs of his trousers so as to pull them up in folds above the knees, and exposing generally the not always attractive top of a pair of shoes with strings tied in a by no means picturesque knot. To me one of the repulsive habits is the refolding up of a handkerchief before replacing it in the pocket, which is quite common among men. I always wonder if the user is afraid of getting them mussed or only wants the outside fresh and clean. As regards pulling down cuffs so they will show beneath the sleeve, and similar tricks, are they not every day sights?" —The Argonaut.

A woman, speaking of the attacks made upon her sex for their methods of handling their skirts or bustles when sitting down, carrying their parasols, and other habits, says: "I think three-quarters of such talk is nonsense. I am perfectly sure that men have just as many marked habits as women. What can be more absurd, I would like to know, than to see a man, every time he sits down, ring his coat tails with a twirl? Then, again, that everlasting twirling at the legs of his trousers so as to pull them up in folds above the knees, and exposing generally the not always attractive top of a pair of shoes with strings tied in a by no means picturesque knot. To me one of the repulsive habits is the refolding up of a handkerchief before replacing it in the pocket, which is quite common among men. I always wonder if the user is afraid of getting them mussed or only wants the outside fresh and clean. As regards pulling down cuffs so they will show beneath the sleeve, and similar tricks, are they not every day sights?" —The Argonaut.

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Back Rooms Are Preferred.  
How much of your income do you pay for office rent?" was asked of a well-to-do lawyer the other day. His rooms are on the first floor back of a Diamond street law building.

"Well," said he, "my partner and I have three rooms, way back, as you would call it, and have to pay for their use the modest sum of \$600 per year. I sometimes feel that I'd rather be the owner of a large law building than be an attorney with a big practice."

"You say your offices are in the rear; what do the men in the front of the building pay?"

"Not nearly so much. You're surprised? Well, no doubt; but what I say is right, and I'll tell you why. Persons occupying rooms in the rear of a building are willing to pay a little more than for front rooms. This is because they are not annoyed by habitual office loafers, of whom there are many; then the man who runs in just to write a note, as he says, 'or want to use your desk a minute,' is unknown. Paper does not find its way in the recesses of your rooms, and the noise and rumble of wagons and street life do not annoy you. These are a few reasons why back offices are preferable and command a higher rate of rent." —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Italian's Ugly Weapon.

A knife, commonly carried and frequently used by criminal Italians, is what Professor Scamapleco, the Neapolitan fencing master, calls the "milletta." The knife bears some resemblance to a razors, though considerably larger. There is only one edge, and the blade opens like a penknife. It swings loose, however, and when drawn is opened by a quick hold of the handle with the fingers and throwing the blade outward. This requires practice and dexterity. A small spring catches the knife and holds it open. It is closed by pressure upon a tiny "button" on the handle. Though not as effective a weapon as the stiletto, it makes an ugly wound when used by an expert, and can be opened almost as quickly as a stiletto can be drawn from its sheath. The ease with which it can be concealed adds to the frequency of its use. The handle is hard wood or bone. —New York Graphic.

Belgian Watch Dogs.

Among the exhibits in a Belgian dog show is a breed of dogs, the Schipperkes, found only in Belgium. They are made use of as watch dogs on board the numerous inland navigation boats. They are small black dogs, without tails and with pointed ears, of extraordinary intelligence and fidelity. —New York Sun.

Produce Markets.  
YPSILANTI, Oct. 8, 1888.

Wheat	90¢	1.00
Corn, ears shelled	18¢	22
Oats	40¢	46
Rye	25¢	27
Barley, 1/2 cwt.	45¢	50
Buckwheat	60¢	70
Hay	8 00¢	10 00
Beans	1 00¢	1 30
Potatoes	20¢	30
Turnips	20	
Onions	25¢	35
Parsnips	45¢	60
Cabbage, 1/2 head	20	5
Butter	20¢	22
Eggs	19	

UNIVERSITY HALL, ANN ARBOR

MONDAY EVG., NOV. 26TH.

The Redpath Lyceum

GRAND CONCERT!

With America's Greatest Artists.

MISS EMMA JUCH,

Prima-Donna Soprano.

MISS HOPE GLENN,

Contralto of Nilsson Concert Co.

(Specially Engaged from London.)

MME. TERESA CARRENO,

The World-Renowned Pianist.

MR. LEOPOLD LICHTENBERG,

Violin Virtuoso.

MR. LEON KEACH,

Musical Director and Accompanist.

Admission, \$1.00.

Family Tickets, admitting 6, \$5.00.

T. S. ANDERSON, Pres. M. S. SMITH, V. P.

R. S. MASON, Cashier.

State Savings Bank,

19 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

CASH CAPITAL, \$200,000.

Four per cent. interest paid on Savings deposits.

Directors—R. A. Alger, T. S. Anderson, M. S.

Smith, Hugh McMillan, F. J. Hecker, W. K. Ander-

son, R. S. Mason, L. Freer, G. H. Russell, W. C.

McGraw, J. J. Burns, C. Parke.

Attorneys—Walker & Walker.

Real Estate Transfers.

Preston W. Rose and wife to M. and Elizabeth

Max, Ypsilanti city, \$3,000.

Laura A. Leonard to Mary C. Whittick, Ann Arbor city, \$1,000.

Albert M. Clark to Arthur S. Clark, Lod., \$22 15.

Seth P. Summer and wife to Wm. Burks, Ann Arbor city, \$1,000.

Philip Wilson & Warner to Jacob Sturm, York, \$120.

Thomas Richards and wife to Albert F. Ball, York, \$125.

Franz Rothenbuecher and wife to A. and A.

Eliza, Ann Arbor city, \$500.

David K. Knobell to Caroline Traehauf, Ann Arbor city, \$150.

Evert H. Scott and wife to Hattie Pond Barker,

Ann Arbor city, \$1,000.

Philip Bach to Mayor, Recorder, etc., of Ann Arbor, Ann Arbor city, \$800.

Ella L. Sweet to Chas. H. Ellis, Ypsilanti city, \$250.

Grace G. Rogers to Chas. Rogers, Augusta, \$43 61.

James Doyle and wife to Amanda Ellis, York, \$250.

John G. Butts and wife to Otis C. Johnson, Ann Arbor city, \$500.

John G. Butts and wife to O. C. and K. C. John-

son, Ann Arbor city, \$800.

Julia A. Street to O. C. Johnson, Ann Arbor city, \$600.

John G. Neitham, by adm., to Wm. Feld-

hus, Ann Arbor city, \$135 52.

Joseph H. Durand, by adm., to Mary Durand, Chelsea village, \$500 29.

John B. Gardner to Wm. Everest, Ann Arbor city, \$400.

Frank A. McGraw to Sarah and Corrina McGrav, \$4,500.

Benjamin F. Jones to Toledo, A. A. & N. M. R.

Co., Ann Arbor city, \$1075.

Emily Cunningham to Order of Good Samaritans & Co., Ypsilanti city, \$50.

Frederick W. Cleveland to Enoch C. Bowling,

Ypsilanti city, \$1,300.

John G. Neitham, by adm., to Wm. Feld-

hus, Ann Arbor city, \$135 52.

Joseph H. Durand, by adm., to Mary Durand, Chelsea village, \$500 29.

John B. Gardner to Wm. Everest, Ann Arbor city, \$400.

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